of the new constitution had inspired little confidence in the Beauharnais party. The new Empress, therefore, was the embodiment of meekness, but for the present she was, according to the old Roman formula, "Caia" where her husband was "Caius." Side by side, and apparently in perfect amity, they proceeded from Boulogne to Aachen, the ancient capital of Charles the Great, on the German frontier.

As if to mock the Roman and German claims of Francis, Napoleon and his consort held high court in that historic town, whose memories were redolent of European sway, and whose walls had been the bulwarks of that medieval Roman empire which, though itself an ineffective anachronism, was about to be renewed in modern guise. The dukes, princes, and kings of Germany, either in person or by their ambassadors, came to do homage; even Austria had a representative. Constantine had made a capital for his reunited empire by building a new Rome on the banks of the Bosporus; Paris and France could see how easily Napoleon might adopt a similar policy. They did observe, and not without dismay.

But while the princes of the earth were jostling each other to honor this new monarch of monarchs, the underground currents of feeling were doing his work. Already the "Empire" meant war; but the war so far was with England alone, and must necessarily be either a maritime conflict or else a costly and risky invasion. Pitt's return to power on May twelfth signified the resistance of a united Britain to Bonaparte and all his works: on her own soil, if necessary, but preferably by the renewal of the premier's old policy of continental coalition against France. It was the irony of fate that, thanks to the intricacies of party politics and the King's imbecility, the strong man was brought back to power with a contemptible and feeble cabinet. For the first, there-